CHRISTMAS VERSES.

By Will the Ranter.

Time 's on the wing—it flys so very fast—
An age seems like yesterday, when it is past :
All the arts and contrivances brought into light,
Cannot persuade people to do what is right.

Another year passes in bloodshed, and folly,
Because men are averse to live virtuous and holy ;
So eager for honor, for riches, and fame,
It makes a true Christian to blush even for shame.

The war cry is sounding all over the land,
And the young men are raising a strong rifle band,
To fight for their country, their Queen, and her laws—
They deserve our best thanks in so loyal a cause.

Nova Scotians are manly, are hardy and brave,
They will not submit to the name of a slave ;
But will hunt the invaders like foxes, or deer—
They'll get a warm meeting if they should come here.

It never was pleasing for me to lift arms,
The comforts and safety of peace hath more charms ;
We prefer the goose fight with our forks and our knives,
Cutting out little bits for our children and wives.

Time never stands still, but onward it flys —
War now has commenced on geese, turkies and pies ;
Those who can place such nice things on their board,
Can just live as happy, and free as a lord.

A man who goes fighting, with sword or with gun,
Has but a small chance if he stand or he run :
There's a wonderful difference in sitting at home,
Eating goose and plumb pudding by his own hearth stone.

There will be great carving in parlor and hall,
They can always find plenty to keep up the ball ;
They ought to be thankful and do what they can,
To cheer up the hearts of their poor brother man.

O, Christmas, we dread thy cold frosts and thy snow,
Thy piercing sharp winds, as they ruthlessly blow ;
The man that can either brave hunger or cold—
He is the best here—most valiant and bold.

Every year leaves a blank in some corner or other,—
Death takes away many a kind father and mother ;
We need not go fighting, and run out our breath,
For our time is cut short by the scythe of grim death.

A good merry Christmas, and happy New Year,
To all my good neighbours where e'er they may steer ;
How e'er far abroad they may chance for to roam,
They'll meet with a welcome when they return home.

I am here far away from the land of my birth,
Yet still I am happy on dear Scotia's earth :—
A father, and grand-father, here I have been,
And I have not been idle in serving the Queen.

Halifax, 25th December, 1859.

Las Hunter

Grass Cutter

Halifax